

The Greater Omaha Guide's HOME-MAKER'S CORNER

Dust One

By ANEL C. JOHNS
McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Features.

THE strawberries were shipped in early. They were fat, heart-shaped, pinkish red. The centers came out with the stem if Patie wasn't careful.

Patie shouldn't have bought them. But she couldn't resist. She had always brought home the first on the market since that time just after her marriage when Philip came home, smelling of gasoline. There was always hard grease on his hands and sometimes on his pug-nosed face. He stopped at the table, as always, for a preview of what was cooking and said, "Shortcake! Spring must be here. Spring, when a young man's fancy seriously turns to thoughts of love if he's married to a gorgeous dame like one Patricia."

But that had been four years ago. And strawberries always reminded her of the days Philip went away in the mornings and came back to her in the evenings. Never too tired to dance.

Patie loved the way they moved in unison. Philip holding her a little tight, saying, "You're like the music, Baby. You make me know that, if I never have anything more, I've got everything right now. For you I clean carburetors, patch flats. Pump gas. Pour oil. There's a ritzy dame comes into the station about twice a week. She's a looker! But, Baby, you look her over in curlers and cold cream."

Did Philip still feel like that? That she outlooked the lookers who danced with him at the USO clubs on his week-end leaves? The lookers who worked in canteens, doing their bit for the boys? The lookers who flirted?

He was sent with his crew to England and no doubt met new people with strange ways.

Patie was glad she had been a camp wife. That she had followed her Philip around, put up in a jail for two weeks in Georgia because there were no rooms available. Even slept in the back seat of the car at a filling station when she arrived in a town too late to find quarters.

She was glad that she had been with him the night he was shipped. The sergeant had let her stay. She and four other wives who had little to say that they couldn't tell with the pressure of their cold fingers.

Philip had looked into her face, returned in the moonlight, until the tears stood at her lashes and her throat hurt.

"You're beautiful, Baby. Even now. I hate going before he gets here but I can't be the chooser in this game. Be sure to send me a cable. It'll be tough over there, waiting. I know it'll be tougher here."

It was horrible back in their house alone. She tried having the wife of one of Philip's pals live with her. But the girl was morbid. She doted on horrors, especially those of the war.

Philip had said, "Don't sit around fretting about me. Worry is bad. I'll take care of myself. If I see a blockbuster coming at me I'll run like the deuce. I want to come home and find you just the same."

Well, she wasn't the same. She'd been in the maternity ward without him to stand by. She'd come through the measles and a hand that little Philip burned when he pulled the percolator off the stove. The neighbors helped her when she had a bad appendix that the doctor finally removed.

Philip said, "Don't ever forget me, Baby. I won't forget you. The going will never be so rough that that can happen. I'll think of you every day. All day. And dream of you at night. Everything I do will be for you and the little one."

But all of that had been so long ago. She couldn't bring Philip back as she used to. At first she could make him sit in his favorite chair. Could hear his voice above the radio talking without words. Just the rumble of his deep voice. But she couldn't hear his voice any more. She had forgotten how he looked sitting behind the evening paper.

Suddenly her hands trembled. She crushed a huckleberry between her fingers. She was frightened. If she couldn't recall here, where Philip had been, how could she remember her, where she had never been?

How could he keep in mind their simple pleasures when everyone worked to entertain him and thousands like him? Time blots out everything.

She had tried to keep her hold on Philip. She had sent him pictures of the baby every month. Anniversary pictures, she called them. And snapshots of herself too. Being careful to look her best; careful to smile with the wrinkles in her nose about which Philip had teased her.

Little Philip came in from outdoors. His pug nose was red with the cold of early spring. His hands were smeared with a red sucker and there was a ring around his rosy mouth where he had licked the stickiness. His cap was gone and his reddish hair was every which way.

"Tan I have one, Muzzer? Dust one!" the little boy pleaded, standing on tiptoe to see better.

Patie looked down. She had seen that face before. But it was older.

She gave him the biggest berry she could find. "And one for Daddy," she whispered.

Toast the Hallowe'en Hobgoblins in This Flavorsome Witches' Brew



HALLOWE'EN is the occasion for some of our gayest and most friendly parties, for there is an old legend that when neighbors make merry together on Allhallow's Eve their good fellowship frightens away the evil spirits that lurk abroad on that night.

Whether your guests are old or young, refreshments climax the Hallowe'en gathering. Pile apples in a big bowl and nuts and raisins in another, and serve cookies and doughnuts or gingerbread. As a special treat, make plenty of this Witches' Brew, a tempting beverage combining milk and chocolate and decaffeinated coffee, so that everybody can toast the witches and hobgoblins with extra cups and still dream sweet dreams later on. Remember when you make decaffeinated coffee in a percolator that it needs longer "perkings" than the ordinary variety, from 15 to 18 minutes, to bring out the rich coffee flavor. You can serve it hot or cold, and it will have an extra savor of Hallowe'en if you use cups or mugs decorated with cat or witch cutouts.

If you cut your cookies in the shape of bats and witches, black cats, owls, and jack-o'-lanterns, and arrange them as a centerpiece, they will help decorate your table. And ghost candles, made by dripping wax down the sides of white candles, add a welcome note of eeriness to the feast.

Hallowe'en Coffolate

- 1 cup strong decaffeinated coffee
- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate

- 3 tablespoons sugar
 - Dash of salt
 - 2 cups milk
- Make decaffeinated coffee extra strength, using 1½ tablespoons for each cup (½ pint) water. Add chocolate to coffee in top of double boiler and place over low flame stirring until chocolate is melted and blended. Add sugar and salt and boil 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Place over boiling water. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly; then heat. When hot, beat with rotary egg beater until frothy. Serve hot or cold. Top with whipped cream, if desired. Serves 4.

Stone Jar Molasses Cookies

- 2 cups sifted cake flour
 - 2 teaspoons double acting baking powder
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1 teaspoon ginger
 - 1 cup molasses
 - ½ cup shortening
 - ½ teaspoon soda
- Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and ginger, and sift again. In 2 molasses, remove from fire; add shortening and soda. Add flour gradually, mixing well. Chill until firm enough to shape. Shape into small balls about ¾ inch in diameter. Place about 2 inches apart on greased baking sheet. Press flat with bottom of glass covered with damp cloth. Or roll dough thin on floured board and cut with floured cookie cutters. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes, or until done. Remove from pan carefully. Cool. For crisp cookies store in air-tight container; for chewy cookies store in stone jar. Makes 4½ dozen cookies.

Cookies and fun... when the Goblins Run

At the height of the merriment, bring out clinking mugs of cider and funny-faced Molasses Cookies—even the ghosts will be envious! Rich and spicy with deep-down flavor, these are old-fashioned, soft, molasses cookies like Grandma used to make. Remember?

Let the children help make the funny faces. And for birthdays, Christmas, or Thanksgiving, decorate with names or greetings or holly sprigs to fit the festivity. Clip the recipes and be ready!



No "haunting" worry about the success of your party when you serve Soft Molasses Cookies

SOFT MOLASSES COOKIES

- 1 cup Spry
- 3 teaspoons ginger
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 teaspoons cloves
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1 cup molasses
- eggs, unbeaten
- 4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- 2 teaspoons soda
- ½ cup sour milk

Combine Spry, spices, salt, brown sugar, molasses and eggs and beat thoroughly. Sift flour with soda. Add to first mixture. Add sour milk and mix well. Chill dough overnight. Turn out on floured board. Roll ¼ inch thick. Cut with large cookie cutter. Place on Spry-coated baking sheets.

Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 8-10 minutes. Decorate some of the cookies with confectioners' sugar frosting. Makes about 3½ dozen 3-inch cookies.

Urban League Notes

THE IMPERIALIST CHOIR

Every Wednesday we have been honored with the presence of the Imperialist Choir which is practicing here and are under the sponsorship of Mrs. Gertrude Lucas Craig of the Zeta Phi Beta Sorority. They are anxious to have new members. Anyone interested come Wednesday night at 8:00 pm, to the Omaha Urban League.

Present members are Jennette McGee, Younglee Sims, George Miles, Clarence Smith, Janie Robbins, Eitel Byrd, George Willis, Gladys McNealy, Lillie Bell, Viola Littlejohn, Addie Hall and Walter Harris.

Miss Sims is the president, Miss Robbins, secretary, Mr. Smith, treasurer and Pvt. Walter Bell is the director.

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Fashion Frocks of the Week



A "LITTLE MIDDLE"

Interest is centered at the waistline this fall. And there's a good reason for it. Style news began to come out of Paris just about the time the G.I.'s were going in. And both carried enthusiastic reports of the doll-sized waistline of the Parisienne beauties. The G.I. expressed his approval with a long, low whistle. And American designers concentrated attention on the waistline in their styles for the new season.

Here's a clever bit of magic in wool jersey. Fashion Frocks' magician-designer used an elasticized midriff to make a waistline disappear into thin air! Broad shoulders, a bloused bodice, and full skirt aid the waist-disappearing act. And full-cut sleeves, deep and winged at the armholes and fit to the waist on an elasticized band, are part of Fashion's softening-up process.

Your Home

By Frances Ainsworth



The other morning I had a visit from a young girl who is being married next month! Of course, the conversation turned to trousseaus... home making and budgets... and she asked me just how she could save money, particularly on groceries. So I gave her my recipe for cutting down her costs!

Sally—I told her—keep your food fresh! Manufacturers of many food products have made it easy for us to keep foods as appetizing and nutritious as the day they were packed. This saves by cutting down on wastes! They have put waxed paper linings in the packages which keep foods fresh all the time they are on the grocer's shelves—and, if you always take care to turn down the top of the inside wrap—the waxed paper will keep that food just as fresh as the day it left the factory!

For instance, cereals are generally packed in waxed paper. I've found that it takes just a few extra seconds after breakfast to carefully re-close that cereal in the waxed lining—and my last serving is always just as fresh as the first! And there are hundreds of other items packed in waxed paper, too—bread, potato chips, marshmallows, crackers, bakery goods—to mention just a few.

I've discovered that I can save dollars every month—just by using waxed paper! And now... even though the war is over... most of us still have to conserve—and I think using waxed paper is one of the best ways to do it!

the direction of Mr. Mason Deveraux, is planning a play to be given in November.

HAPPY FAMILY GATHERING: SON AND HUSBAND COME HOME FROM WAR

1st Sgt. Robt. T. Whiteside who has been in the army for 3 years, serving in the South Pacific campaign for two of them, has just returned with an honorable discharge and is now home with his wife.

Mrs. Zelma Whiteside and her son Bobby, 1st Sgt. R. T. Whiteside is the son of Mrs. Madge Whiteside, who lives at 2758 Lake St.

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H. W. Smith's Weekly

Waiter's Column

If you have any news about waiters, or anything pertaining to them or their routine of living, call H. W. Smith—HA-0800 and give him the news...

ENROUTE HOME

Far East Air Forces, Philippines, Corporal John T. Thacker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Thacker, 2420 P St., South Omaha, is enroute home from the Far East Air Forces, 22nd Replacement, Depot, Manila, after 24 months in the Southwest Pacific.

Corporal Thacker, member of a motor transportation unit, saw action at Milne Bay, Saldor, Hollandia, Leyte and Luzon.

In the armed forces since August 1941, he wears the Asiatic Pacific Ribbon with three bronze stars and the Philippine Liberation Ribbon with one star.

YOUTH CANTEN

The "Youth Canteen" for the 7th and 8th grades of Long School will be held in the recreation rooms of the Logan Fontenelle Homes on Friday October 26, from 7:00 to 9:30 pm. The project is under the sponsorship of the Long School PTA, with members of the PTA acting as chaperones. The Canteen will be held on the last Friday of each month.

REV. CHILDREN

The reporter visited with the pastor of St. Johns A.M.E. church, and was much impressed with him. He seemed to be a man of high aspirations and ideals. All he needs is cooperation and faithful prayers and he cannot fail.

MR. AND MRS. GARNER

Mr. and Mrs. Garner who formerly lived at 36th and Bedford ave. are now rooming at 2215 North 29 street. Mr. Garner is a constant worker at the Armour Packing plant. He works every Sunday, while Mrs. Garner works in a private home.

STOPS OVER

Pvt. Stanley McDonald, Pvt. Leonard Roundtree, and Pvt. George Furrey, who have been stationed in McCall, Oregon passed through Omaha on Sunday the 20th and stopped over and visited with Pvt. McDonald's grandparents Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McDonald at 2215 North 29th. They were on their way to a camp in North Carolina where they will be stationed for a while.

KANSAS CITY, MO. DOCTOR VISITS HERE

Dr. W. B. Richardson, Sr., of Kansas City, Mo., spent eight days in Omaha and Sioux City, Iowa, visiting with his daughter and son here. Miss Beatrice Richardson and Mr. William Richardson. After spending four days here with his daughter and son, he spent two days with his daughter Mrs. Ivory Kitchen in Iowa. Dr. Richardson met a lot of nice people here. He went on a sight-seeing tour through our city, and will pay Omaha another visit around the coming holidays to attend the anniversary of his son and

Blackstone waiters going over the top on service.

Regis hotel and White Horse Inn waiters topping the service at all times!

Capt. Mitchell of the OAC is on the job after showing many deep points in St. Louis.

Waiters at the Hill hotel going over the top on service.

Theo Thomas of the Paxton on a two week's vac.

Fontenelle hotel waiters out in front on fine service at all times.

Omaha Club waiters with Capt. Jones and Lt. Harry Frazier very quick on their service setups.

Paxton hotel headwaiter and his crew on the up and go quick service to a fast moving public.

All waiters should read their menus and be well informed on all articles of food on them as many guests will ask questions and are expecting quick answers.

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daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Richardson Jr. He also has two granddaughters here, Mrs. Lee Stephens and Mrs. Alice Denmark.

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